

Jeffersonian Republican.

Richard Nugent, Editor.]

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

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JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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POETRY.

WOMAN.

Not time—not time is the glittering crest;
And the glance of the snow white plume;
Nor the badge that gleams from the warrior's breast,
Like a star 'mid the battle's gloom;
Nor is thy place 'mid thy country's host,
Where the war-steed champs his rein—
Where waving plumes are like sea-foam tossed
And the turf wears a gory stain!
Nor these—nor these are thy glorious bower;
But a holier gift is thine,
When the proud have fallen in triumph's hour,
And the red blood flows like wine;
To wipe the dew from the clammy brow—
To cool the drooping head—
To soothe the parched lips fevered glow,
And soothe the lowly bed!
Not time—not time is the towering height,
Where ambition makes his throne;
The tumult drowns his night,
Where the eagle soars alone;
But in the hall and in the bower,
And by the humble hearth,
Man feels the charm and owns the power
That binds him still to earth.
Yes these are thine—and who can say
His is a brighter doom,
Who wields fame's gory wreath of bay,
Roused an aching brow to bloom?
Oh! to watch death's livid hues depart—
To soothe the aching pang of we,
And to whisper hope to the fainting heart,
Is the proudest men below.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

Small Comforts.

Women's work is never done, therefore you ought to lend a hand.

The Cabinet, and other agricultural periods, have made our men folks very learned on the subjects of manures, crops, short-horned cattle, sheep, swine, &c. We hear them often discussing these topics, and they really appear to derive benefit from it, for they seem to talk less of politics, and other everlasting subjects about which they could never come to any satisfactory conclusion, since agricultural papers have been generally introduced in our neighborhood. But there are some matters that we women folks, who constitute a part, and we think no unimportant part of the agricultural community, are desirous should claim a share of the attention of the Editor of the Cabinet; just give us a page or two of your useful journal every month, in which to discuss such subjects as may more particularly appertain to our department of the duties of house-wifery as connected with agricultural life.

If you will agree to furnish us with the use of a chimney corner of the Cabinet for our own use, we will accept it with thanks; if not, we will have a paper of our own for our own use, edited by one of our own numbers, and then look out, and stand clear when the hot water begins to fly about your ears.

I will now tell you some of the matters we want brought before the public, with the view of ameliorating our condition, and promoting the interest & comfort of all concerned. You may call these small comforts, but of small things, great ones are composed; grains of sand make mountains, drops of water constitute the ocean, and little babies make men and women all the world over; no exception Mr. Editor. The great matters of agriculture are duly and amply discussed in your journal, but we want something said about our own wants and wishes.

A year or two ago you published a very good essay about a "wood house," for the convenience and comfort of females; it was much talked of, and every man in our neighborhood, except an old bachelor, approved of it, and most of the men said they would build a receptacle for keeping the fuel dry, one even went so far as to get the stuff for it, but afterwards used it for another purpose, and to this day there has not been built a wood house in the township; so we have burnt wet wood, and go out in the rain and snow to get it; sometimes the breakfast or dinner is delayed beyond the usual time in consequence of the fuel being wet and green, and whenever this happens, we are sure to hear of it in the way of complaint, although the fault lays precisely where the complaint comes from.

Baking, you know, can't be done right without dry wood, so we want you to write another essay about keeping wood in the dry, and having it cut

and split to proper sizes for current family use.—Many of us in our neighborhood are bad off for water, and the men don't take it as much to heart as they ought to, or things would soon begin to mend. Carrying water a long distance is real work, and so is drawing it from the bottom of a deep well, and a tall pump don't work easy. A few of our neighbors have good large cisterns, with pumps in them, that save much time and labor; and besides, the fine soft rain water they contain is so good for washing, that I wish you would give us a lift in the Cabinet, so that every family may be furnished with one, even if it should be thought to be for our sakes alone.

Now there is the milking, which you know must be done rain or shine, no matter how great the storm, or deep the mud, or filth of the path, or barn yard, or stable; try to help us along a little in this important matter; the path might be paved or gravelled, one would think, without much expense or labor; and the stables, can't you teach our dear masters how they as well as the cows, can be kept clean during the winter season. It is said cows give much more milk when they are kept tidy and clean, and I think it stands to reason that they should. If I was a cow I wouldn't give a drop of milk unless I was kept neat and clean, and well fed in the barn, for I hate these lazy, stingy fellows, that are always trying to cheat and get something for nothing; do give them a touch on these subjects, and if you do it handsomely, I will write to you again, and tell you a few more of our grievances, under which we have been long laboring to our great discomfort, and the great injury of our constitutions.

SUSAN.

AN EXTRACT.

Go out beneath the arched heavens in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God!" pronounce that dread blasphemy, and each star above you will reproach you for your unbroken darkness of intellect—every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair! Is there no God? Who, then, unrolled that blue scroll, and threw upon its high frontispiece the legible gleanings of immortality? Who fashioned the green earth—with his perpetual rolling waters and its wide expanse of island and main? Who settled the foundations of the mountains? Who paved the heavens with clouds, and attuned amid the banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchained the lightnings that linger, and lurk, and flash in their gloom? Who gave to the eagle a safe eyrie where the tempest dwell and beat strongest, and the dove a tranquil abode amid the forests that ever echo to the minstrelsy of her moan? Who made trees, oh Man! with thy perfected elegance of intellect—and of form? Who made the light pleasant to thee: and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee that matchless symmetry of sinew and limb? That regular flowing of blood? Those irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and of love? No God! And yet the thunders of heaven, and the waters of earth are calm! Is there no lightning that heaven is not avenged? Are there no floods, that man is not swept under a deluge? They remain—but the bow of reconciliation hangs out above and beneath them. And it were better that the limitless waters and the strong mountains were convulsed and commingled together—it were better that the very stars were conflagrated by fire, or shrouded in gloom, than that one soul should be lost, while Mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the Altar of intercession!

And old continental arrived at an inn, and asked for refreshment. The hostess set before him a bone of ham, and a crust of bread. Her son, who had been an officer, gave the poor fellow a shilling when he had done picking, and bid him march off. Soon after the old woman comes in to look for her pay. "Mother," says the officer, "what might the picking of that bone be worth?" "Why, about one and sixpence, these hard times." "Well," cries the humane son, "I have made a fine bargain, and saved sixpence, for I gave him but a shilling to pick the whole."

RECIPE.

To Soften Water.—A few ounces of soda will soften a hog'shead of the hardest water. It is greatly superior to pot or pearl ash, giving a delicate whiteness to linen, without the slightest injury, and it never, unless excess is used, in the least affects the hands.

To preserve woollens from shrinking.—Woollens should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed in lukewarm water which shrinks them.

A ploughman is not an ignorant man because he does not know how to read; if he knows how to plough, he is not to be called an ignorant man; but a wife may be justly called an ignorant woman, if she does not know how to provide a dinner for her husband. It is cold comfort for a hungry man to tell him how delightfully his wife plays and sings: lovers may live on very arial diet; but husbands stand in need of the solids.

The Wilson House, OR VILLAGE GOSSIP.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Mark how plain a tale shall put you down."—Shakspeare.

"Have you heard the news?" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Green, as they met, one morning, at the principal store, in the village of Thebes, a place which all our topographers have most unaccountably forgotten to insert in their maps of the State of New York. "No," replied Mrs. Green. "It is a long time since there was any news in Thebes." "Well," said Mrs. Brown, "the Wilson House is taken at last."

"Indeed!—And who has taken it?" "Oh! I don't know; but my Phillis saw the windows open this morning and old Polly Splatterfoot busy white-washing."

"I wonder," observed Mrs. Green, "that Phillis did not ask Polly. Of course she could have told you that."

"Why, to tell the truth," answered Mrs. Brown, "Phillis did inquire, and Polly said the name of the family was either James, or Clark, or Thomson; though she could not exactly remember which. But Polly is so stupid, that she can never understand names, and Phillis so giddy she always forgets them."

"Did Phillis make no further inquiries?" asked Mrs. Green.

"To be sure she did," replied Mrs. Brown. "But you know old Polly Splatterfoot is so deaf that she can scarcely hear, and has so few teeth that she can scarcely speak, and is, besides, so cross when she is white-washing. So she told Phillis to mind her own business, and make haste home with her market-basket, and not stand there hundering her."

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green have finished their purchases at the store, walked on together, making various conjectures to each other about the people that had taken the Wilson House, which was one of the best in the town, and which originally belonged to a family of that name, who had long since removed to the metropolis.

As is the case in most American villages, the female population of Thebes far outnumbered the male; and the matrimonial market being extremely deficient in the article of young men, the ladies, in default of other occupation, were much addicted to reforming the world and improving the condition of the universe. They not only kept a close watch over the little community around them, but they had lately taken the Pelen Islands under their protection, and had formed a society for the purpose of supplying the wants (both mental and physical) of these amiable savages—the history of Prince Lee Boo having convinced them that his countrymen were a people whose capacities were great, and whose necessities were numerous.

One learned Theban, a lady, whose chief study was that voluminous work mis-called the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, was engaged in writing a series of paper on Natural Science, to be translated into Pelen, whenever a professor of that language could be found; and another was employed on an octavo of six hundred pages, designated "A Synopsis of Ancient History," also to be translated by the same linguist, and for the especial benefit of the same benighted islanders.

But the largest proportion of the members of this praise-worthy society being ladies whose stockings were but narrowly striped with blue, they were content to be employed in making up long flannel jackets, substantial quilted bonnets, and thick double calico wrappers, to supersede the airy costume of Pelen, who, though living in the vicinity of the equator, were, as yet, strangers to the comforts of warm clothing.

The weekly meetings of the Pelen Island Society were held in a ci-devat school-room directly opposite the Wilson House—and on the day subsequent to that on which our story commences, the ladies all happened to find themselves at the place of rendezvous, by two o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before the usual time. There was much discussion on the merits of the Wilson House—the owner of which lived, as we have stated in the city.—And Mr. Brown and Mrs. Green gave in their evidence.

Mrs. Pettyfact deposed that her son Johnny (a boy of ten years old, who lived mostly about the wharves) had seen, early that morning, a number of packing-boxes landed from a tow-boat and put into two carts. The boxes were escorted by a man servant, a stout mulatto, very much marked with the small pox, or, perhaps, only the varioloid. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, gray trousers, and a green and yellow striped waistcoat; the stripes going lengthwise, if Johnny was not mistaken. The colored man's hat was good, but not quite new. The boxes evidently contained furniture; and on the top of the last cart rode a dog-house—which was not surprising as the servant was followed by a large black and white dog, which Johnny knew to be a pointer, and therefore valuable. The dog's name was either Bings or Mings, for he heard the man call him so.

Mrs. Pettyfact finished her narrative by informing the company that dear little Johnny had traced the carts (that is, followed them) to the Wilson House. And Mrs. Scentwell asserted that she knew, from good authority, that

two female servants, one black and one white, had arrived in the steam-boat that had stopped at Thebes about noon; and that they also had gone to the mansion in question. Putting all these things together, it was evident that the strangers had furniture, servants, and a dog.

As the ladies of Thebes looked down into the Wilson House they saw the furniture unpacked, or unpacking, and some of it actually arranged. Curiosity increases by feeding, and they would now have given almost any sum to be inside of the house, with an opportunity of close inspection.

They saw a long rough box, which, from its apparent weight, when moved, was declared by Mrs. Cobalt to contain minerals, and she was, therefore, convinced that the stranger was a man of science. Mrs. Warspite rather believed he was a British spy, and that the box was heavy with British gold. They were so fortunate as to see it open, and they found that it contained the kitchen clock.

Among the objects that were not familiar to our fair Thebans they perceived something that was only intelligible to Miss Cherubina Moonshine, who had been educated at a city boarding school, where she read nothing but history in public, and nothing but romance in private; and who pronounced the thing in question to be a guitar case. And this lady immediately conjectured that the expected occupants of the Wilson House were a young couple just eloped, and that this was the very guitar on which the lover had serenaded his mistress.

A square box, very strongly secured, was the next thing to be wondered at. Mrs. Dailydove pronounced it a medicine chest, and felicitated herself on the arrival of a new doctor or a new invalid. But Miss Watermilk feared that it was rather a liquor case, and thought it should be inquired into by the Temperance Society.

While this, the most mysterious of the boxes, was under discussion, a chaise, with a black leather trunk behind it, drove up to the door of the Wilson House, and a gentleman alighted from it and handed out a lady, whose figure was concealed by a shawl, and her face hidden by a coarse straw bonnet and a green veil. The mulatto man received them at the door, and afterwards took the chaise round to the stable. The lady entered the house immediately; but the gentleman stood a few minutes on the steps, giving some directions to the servants. He was a man of middle age, neither tall nor short, nor handsome nor otherwise.

Shortly after, the lady was seen going thro' the rooms without her bonnet; and various indeed were the opinions respecting her, as the spectators in the opposite house pressed close to the window, and looked over each other's shoulders; though all the glimpses they could obtain of her were certainly very imperfect.

Miss Crow thought the strange lady's hair too light; which very much surprised Miss Flax, to whom it appeared almost a jet black; Miss Maypole thought her entirely too short; Miss Milestone was just going to say that it was a pity the lady should be so tall. All, however, agreed in pronouncing her young, except Miss Parchment, who advised them not to make up their minds to suddenly, as nothing was more deceptive than distance. The husband was decided, by a unanimous vote, to be not young, but they raised as to his most probable age—the thermometer of their opinion ranging from forty-five to seventy.

They saw him nearly all the time in one of the front parlors, which he evidently intended for a library—and once he came to the front-door and looked twice up the street, and three times down it. One lady remarked the curls on his temples were evidently those of a wig; but when he turned to go away, another pointed out to her companions that the back of his head was beginning to grow bald, and that it must be his own hair, as nobody ever wore a bald wig.

The attention of the spectators was now again directed to the mysterious square box, which, to their great delight, the gentleman was proceeding to open. They almost fell out of the window in leaning over to look, and when the lid was finally raised, every head tried to be a neck in advance of all the others.

The box was found to contain sundry articles of plate, including silver forks; the latter utensils being proof positive, in the opinion of the gazers, that the gentleman and his lady were undoubtedly genteel people, and therefore quite proper to be countenanced by all Thebes; a place which had always held its head very high, in consequence of the universally good society, most of its inhabitants being fit to visit each other.

There was one unopened package of silver yet remaining at the bottom of the box, when a total eclipse was put upon all, by the coloured man shutting the front windows at the approach of twilight.

We need not stop to remark how little advancement was made this afternoon in the great works that were in progress for the unhappy natives of the Pelen Islands.

Next day, a brass plate was seen on the door of the Wilson House, and in half an hour all Thebes was acquainted with the fact that the name of the new resident was B. Morrison. Conjecture was next at work to divine the pro-

bable signification of the initial letter: some contending that B. stood for Benjamin, as was most natural; others suggesting that it meant Bartholomew, Basil, Bernard or Barabas.—One man—we acknowledge that he had always been considered the greatest fool in Thebes—opined that the name might be Benedict; but this absurd conjecture was indignantly scouted by his hearers, who unanimously declared that no American could possibly bear a name that had been disgraced by the traitor Arnold.

In a few days, it being supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison must be quite settled in their new domicile, the Thebans thought it time to call upon them. The first visitors were their nearly opposite neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Elliot, the clergyman and his wife; the next were the ladies that lived next door on each side; and all the rest followed suit immediately; so that long before the next weekly meeting of the Pelen Society, all its members were competent, from personal observation, to compare notes about the new residents. The substance of the reports was that the house was handsomely furnished, though neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Green liked the patterns of the carpets; and that the age of the lady was somewhat between twenty and thirty; but all agreed that she was considerably younger than the husband. It was generally concluded that, on her part, the marriage must have been a mercenary one, except by Miss Moonshine, who adhered to her theory that it had been a runaway match; but she explained the anomaly of a eloping with a gentleman so much older than herself, by the probable conjecture that she had only done so to avoid the horrors of a union with a man still older, and in every respect worse, whom no doubt her flinty-hearted parents had selected for her—very likely an old fat fellow with a real wig, and the gout in both feet.

"Now," said Miss Parchment, "I am not sure that Mrs. Morrison is so very young herself. I doubt if there are many years difference between her age and her husband's. I observed when I called upon her the other day, that she took care to sit with her back to the light."

"Whatever may be their ages," said Mrs. Pettyfact, "I can't believe they are people of general knowledge, or who had seen much of the world. The day I visited them, Mr. Morrison said something about 'the inhabitants of Thebes,' instead of calling us 'the Thebans,' as he ought to have done. It is astonishing what ignorance and what rudeness there is in the world. Once, when I was on a visit to my uncle Krips Vanblunk of Troy, I actually heard a Philadelphian talk to him of the 'Troy people,' instead of saying 'the Trojans,' as was right and proper. Could any thing have been more disrespectful? Uncle Vanblunk was quite affronted, as he had to be—he that was one of the very oldest of Trojans!"

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison continued to be the objects of constant speculation to the Thebans, who gossiped over every thing concerning them, till they made mountains out of mole-hills. What was first mentioned as conjecture was repeated as fact, each report being like a snow-ball, that gathers additional snow as it rolls along. Still, every body visited the Morrises, and various and contradictory were the opinions expressed of them, while those two little important words, "if" and "but" were in perpetual requisition whenever they were talked of. There was an apt illustration of the position in which strangers frequently find themselves in a dull village.

Old Judge Heavyhead, whose costume was never very recherche; and who, when the court was not sitting, spent most of his time in going from house to house to get people to play chess with him called one morning on Mr. Morrison, for that purpose. As it happened the door was opened in the absence of a man by a very simple country girl, called Becky, whom Mrs. Morrison had recently hired as an assistant waiter, and was yet a stranger to the Thebans. On Judge Heavyhead, inquiring for Mr. Morrison the girl replied he had gone down to the city.

"Is Mrs. Morrison at home?" said the judge—thinking he might have some chance of playing chess with her.

"Are you Mr. Smith?" asked the girl.

"No; I am Judge Heavyhead."

"Then," answered Becky, "I can't let you in; for Mrs. Morrison is engaged this morning. She axed me to say them very words. And she told me she could not see any body but Mr. Smith. She has been expecting him these two hours, and won't have nobody let in but him. I guess you will have to go away."

Judge Heavyhead went away; but the dialogue had been overheard by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Green, who were passing at the time arm in arm, and who loitered and lingered near the door to distinguish what was said.

In the course of this morning all Thebes was alive with the rumor that Mr. Morrison having gone on a long journey about some important business, his wife had taken advantage of his absence, and made an appointment with Mr. Smith—the only doubt was what Mr. Smith it could be.—Some said it was Hopeskill Smith, that occupied a front closet in Mrs. Poorstocks boarding-house, and who, while waiting for cli-